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Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor

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THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

Alexis calls me cruel:
The crags that hold
The gathered ice of winter,
He says are not more cold.

When even the very blossoms
Around the fountains brim,
And forest walks, can witness
The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter
My feelings without shame;
And tell him how I love him,
Nor wrong my virgin name.

Alas! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit of passion,
Is not a woman's part.

If man comes not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among the foliage,
They cannot seek his hand.

[Translated from the Spanish by Bryant.]

For The Pocahontas Times

The Treasure Trove.

XX.

THE suit of Weston vs. Judson and the Bank of Danton was duly instituted and while it was maturing, the plaintiff was exercising his wits and working to be ready to prevail over Judson's cleverly devised defense.

Weston went home for a few weeks and then came back to be on hand and to be near the scene.

The first of June he came back and it is needless to say that he was with his sweetheart many deliciously long hours. Mary and he talked the suit over and weighed all the chances. The winning of it meant that they were to enter hand in hand into that dreamland which to lovers seems the consummation of earthly happiness, but so unreal and unrealized that though the thoughts of that constant and unrestrained companionship is ever present with both, waking or sleeping, it does not yet appear what it shall be. The mere possession of 'enough money to get married on,' or, which is the same thing, what they think is enough,—so paltry when human happiness is compared with it,—means, in nine cases out of ten; that lovers will plight their troth and taste happiness not of this world, and get bravely over it. While if they are cursed with a feeling of poverty the unfortunate children will eat out their hearts apart, and the two natures meant to home with each other are cursed by their very capability for true happiness.

Colonel Wilson's idea that they might capture Judson's witness was evidently not wholly unsuspected by Judson. It can be readily seen that Judson knew his lawyer as well as the lawyer knew him. Black Robert had been temporarily sequestered by his employer, and it was not until the 1st of June that the Colonel learned that Judson had sent him to the head of Laurel River to range cattle for the summer.

"It becomes our duty," he said solemnly to Weston, "to tamper with this witness in order that the truth may be told in court and justice prevail. Suppose you dress yourself in some good strong clothes and go up to the head of Laurel River and see if you can corrupt that nigger into telling the truth. We have got a full month until court, and I will stay around here and see if anything turns up to our advantage."

Weston set off to the wilderness to find the dangerous witness. He had about fifty miles to go and he decided to tramp it. He set off equipped for rough work. He wore a stout corduroy suit and substantial shoes. In a knapsack he carried extra clothing. He had no definite idea beyond perhaps finding the negro's camp and living with him a while under the plea of wanting to fish. So he took his fishing tackle with him.

The first day he made twenty miles and stopped with a farmer. He went on the next day another twenty miles. He found he was getting much deeper into the mountains than he had been before. The road had narrowed gradually until it became a bridle-path well worn, but not wide enough for

wagons. The path lay on the bank of a noisy stream which flowed between two high mountains. He could barely see the tops in the dim distance as he looked up the heavily wooded mountain side. A man overtook him riding one horse and leading another with a pack-saddle loaded with store goods. Weston had passed out of the world that used wheels, and he was entering an enchanted region where the women, and children had never seen a wagon or any wheeled vehicle. Only the men who went to the store and attended court knew what such marvels were like.

Weston and the stranger fraternized. City bred though Weston was, he began to realize what it was to be scarce of anybody to talk to, and how important the least among those who walk up and down the earth may be under certain circumstances. As to old Rube Callahan, who was on his native heath, he was so near a monarch of all he surveyed that he could afford to treat any man royally.

The meeting was not without incident. Weston had seen the mountaineer coming up behind him, his small, wiry horses stepping out briskly towards him, picking their way between rocks and finding places to set their feet among the rocks. Old Rube had a mountain rifle as long as he was tall.

When he saw Weston, he knew that people in this section would naturally carry more or less of an armament and was not a bit dismayed to meet a man in this lonely place, even tho he was armed.

The horses had approached Weston where the stream made a bend and the path was at the top of the bank. He had just stepped to one side to allow the horses to pass, when he heard a sharp "Lay down, stranger," and turning looked in the unfathomable depths of a big rifle, which the mountaineer held to his face cocked and ready. To hear was to obey, and as he sank to the ground the report of the rifle rang. "The scoundrel has shot me," was the first agonizing thought.

The startled horses wheeled and the old man landed on the ground beside Weston. In a moment Weston was holding him on the ground and at the same time he saw a red calf go clattering over the stones of the creek and disappear in the thick cover which fringed the side of the creek.

"I guess I've got you," remarked Weston.

The old man made a desperate effort to get up, and his gigantic frame and hardened muscles gave him the greatest strength, but he was dealing with a young and powerful man who held him down. He lay back finally panting, great beads of sweat standing on his face, and began to plead with his captor. "Say, mister, you aint goin' to bother an ole man for a little thing like that, air ye?" he asked anxiously.

"Do you call an attempt at murder a little thing, you ole devil?"

"What do you mean?" inquired the old man in astonishment.

"Did you not shoot at me," asked Weston fiercely.

"Dang my skin, mister," said old Rube, as a look of relief spread over his face, "ef I did n't think you war arrestin' me for killing a deer in the red, I hope I may never find another sang root. Jest as I rounded the turn I seed the finest forked horn buck in the bed of the creek, and if I was to be hung fer it I'd er gin that deer the contents of my ole rifle. Say, you let me up, and I'll gin you half of it."

Dawning intelligence showed in Weston's face, and he promptly let the old man up.

"I am sorry you missed him," said Weston. "I do n't own any deer, and therefore I do not feel any disposition to raise trouble over any deer that you might happen to kill."

"I wont gainsay you, stranger, that I might have missed that there deer, fer I fired the minute yer head dropped out of the sights, but if my ole eyes did n't deceive me I seed a spot about the size of

a dollar behind that deer's shoulder arter I shot, and I didn't see the bullet strike the water anywhere. But that fetch-taked ole mare o' mine wheeled so damned sudden that I did n't hev the chance to observe every thing. We'll have a search fer the body arter I load up and tie up them pesky hosses. Dang my skin, stranger, you air a wasserler! You end I must hev a full ef-two ter-gether er I can't hold up my head in the church no more."

The gun being loaded and the horses tied up, the two men climbed down the bank and into the bed of the creek. Weston was able to show his companion where the red calf had gone into the bushes, and the old man made preparations for a systematic search. They had only taken a few steps into the brush when they came upon the deer lying dead, shot through the lungs. The deer was killed out of season, but at the first of June they are often very fat, and are considered as being more fit for food than at any other time.

The shadows were already over the valley, and as Weston watched the old Calahan dress the deer by the water-side he asked him about a place to spend the night, explaining that he was out on a fishing expedition. Old man Callahan replied:

"Down this here Wild Goose Creek about two mile is the dang-erous place. I reckon if I war to tell them folks that you held the old man down on a fair and square tussle and you tuk your sheer of the venison, they might keep ye. Jest wait till I swing the carcass on to my shoulder and I'll git you to ride that ole mare o' mine, fer the plague-taked ole beast never would let me carry a deer on her, and we'll drop down on 'em tergether. Come ter think erbout hit, I think I'll try to endure one night in that old cabin, and we'll jest take a mess o' venison tergether, bein' as the sun's erbout down."

The mountaineer put the deer's legs criss-cross by running one foot between the tendons of another, and Weston placed it on his back, and which it fitted perfectly, and the bearer walked off proudly with the evidence of his hunting prowess. Weston was not sorry to have a horse to help him over the toilsome miles that lie at the end of every journey.

They came in sight of a substantial log-house, well built and cared for, with broad porches, and surrounded by convenient out-houses. A large log-barn stood in a green field, and the whole was situated on an eminence overlooking the creek that tumbled over a precipitous fall at its base. A mill built on a large flat rock ground unattended at the rate of a peck of corn an hour.

"Is this the place we are going to stop?" asked Weston.

"It is, stranger, if they'll keep us."

"I thought you said we would have very poor accommodations here? If ever I saw a place that looked like people enjoyed more solid comfort I do not remember it."

"They air mighty poor, stranger; but I reckon you ought to stand fer one night what they have ter the whole year."

"I believe you are the owner of this magnificent home," said Weston.

"Well, stranger, I cant gainsay ye, but come in, we'll do the best we can fer ye."

Weston seated himself in a comfortable chair covered with a sheep-skin. In a few moments a motherly old lady came out and welcomed Weston, who introduced himself. This was Mrs Callahan, and she, having made him feel at home, immediately seized a broom and swept off some imaginary dirt from the porch floor. Presently Mr Callahan came back, having dressed the deer and sunk it in the spring branch to preserve the meat until it was eaten. He spoke to a man on a hill across the valley about a mile away to come in and attend to the horses and then joined Weston on the porch. He carried a bundle of newspapers.

As he approached he said:

"Scuse me, Mr—well I declare I fergit names so easy."

"Weston!"

"That's it! Scuse me, Mr Weston, but mought you be able to read?"

"Well, I can read print tolerable well."

"I wish you would look over these here papers that my son sent me from the University and see if there is anything erbout him in 'em."

Weston took the paper and a marked passage caught his eye:

"The orator's medal was awarded to Mr J. T. Callahan, class of '94."

"That's my son Jake. We're mighty unfortunate in him. His uncle left him the best farm on the creek, and he sold the whole caboodle and went ter school on the money. He have got a powerful sight of money invested in his head. Anybody who had no more to show fer a fine farm than education ought ter jest, plumb, natch-erly go crazy fer fear he'd die and lose it."

The young Callahan had evidently broken away from home entirely. He was an only son and his father wanted to see him first in strength and skill in the settlement and his banking after a higher education had estranged them.

house as well as the loss of the nameless wife who was never to have any slight or to be ill-treated on that account.

Supper was served and it was a feast such as nature furnishes to those who live near her. Venison steak and trout, corn pone, tree molasses, good butter and milk, maple sugar, preserved and fruits: making a feast fit for a king.

The girls, tall fine looking young women, entertained the guest in the "house," where Weston was surprised to see a cabinet organ. One of the girls, I think her name, was Nancy, explained that pap had heard one of them organs when he went to court and he had bought it and fetched it down the creek, him and Jack Fender, slung on a pole. He set it up and said the agent told him anybody whose hands were soft enough could play on the dratted thing, and they had tried and tried and soaked their hands in butter and milk and greased 'em with bar oil, and made some just beautiful sounds, but pap would cuss like all the world and say they didn't have no gift at playing.

"Yes," said the old man, "I'd as leave hear an ole sow fast in the fence."

Weston could play and sing, and he opened up the instrument and sat down and played "Yankee Doodle," and "Dixie," and sang some old songs, and his audience was enchanted. Old Calahan immediately wanted him to agree to stay till the deer was eaten up, and Miss Nancy got over her rapture long enough to ask him what he had used on his hands. He replied:

"My mother used to poultice them every night when I was a child. You have passed the age when you can ever hope to be a performer." And Nancy sighed and resigned herself to her fate.

A diversion was here made by Mrs Callahan coming in and demanding them to get ready if their pap was going to take them to the wake.

The old man declared that the deceased must excuse him for he was too tired. The girls raised a protest declaring that was always the way; that they never did have any fun; that they never got to go nowhere and that they didn't keep how soon they had a wake at their house, and they reckoned they'd get to go to that one; and they all looked very ominous at their father. Weston offered to escort the young ladies to that interesting assemblage, and the girls to save hair-pulling agreed to draw straws to settle who was to walk with the young man. At dusk they proceeded to the house of mourning where the wake was to be held.

(To be Continued.)

MEMORANDA OF ROAD LAW.

Surveyor's duties:—To put the road in good repair, proper width, well drained, cleared of rocks, fallen timber, land slides, and to cut dead logs for foot men. When the road is suddenly obstructed, he immediately call out sufficient hands to open it, no matter how many days they have worked, and can fine them for not obeying.

Time to work roads is between the 1st day of April and the 1st day of Sept each year, two days work to be done before June 1.

By paying 75 cents commutation any person can refuse to work. Three days notice to be given. Number of days to work FOUR.

Persons liable to work are all male persons over 21 and under 50 years of age, except paupers found in the precinct, preachers in charge of a church, excused by the court. The hands to attend with sufficient tools and if they fail to bring them or to work when they do attend they can be fined just as if they had stayed away. The fine in any case is \$1.25 per day.

Fines, how collected: The surveyor to make off an account in the following words against hand: "A.....B..... to Road Precinct No..... in District of..... in the county of Pocahontas, on roads at \$1.25 per day, \$..... This account to be delivered to a constable within TEN days from the 1st of September each year, who can levy it just as a tax ticket is levied. The surveyor should take the constable's receipt for it.

Persons failing to work can not make up their time after the 1st of September.

Surveyors may hire wagons, plows, scrapers, oxen, mules, or horses, upon fair terms, with gears for them, and if they can not be hired may impress them, the price to be paid by the county court.

All accounts and road reports to be brought to the levy term of the county court the fourth Tuesday in June.

Biographic Notes.

William Warwick, Son of John Warwick of Deer Creek.

W. T. P.

The group of the Warwick relationship in Pocahontas treated of in this paper includes the descendants of William Warwick of John Warwick the Englishman from Warwickshire, England, as is generally believed.

Like his brother Andrew, William Warwick lost his heart in the love of a girl, and married.

Andrew Warwick. They settled on Deer Creek where Peter H. Warwick now lives, and were the parents of three children: Robert Craig, Elizabeth, who became Mrs Benjamin Tallman; Margaret, who became Mrs John Hull and lived on the head of Jackson's River.

Robert Craig Warwick, the only son, seemed to have been much attached to his sister Peggy, and at one time crossed the Alleghany paid her a visit, but lost his heart. He came to the conclusion that life on Deer Creek was not worth living after this, and he told Esther Hull about it. They agreed and were married, and the happy young people settled on the Deer Creek homestead. They were the parents of three sons and six daughters. In reference to their children the following items are recorded:

Catherine Hidy Warwick is now Mrs William W. Bird, Hillsboro, W. Va. Her children Elvira Louisa, now Mrs William McClune, near Mill Point; Robert Craig Bird, at Clifton Forge; John Henry Bird, Covington; George Newton Bird, Clifton Forge; William Lee Bird, Roanoke City, Virginia.

Her husband Major W. W. Bird was a Confederate officer. He had command of Company K 52d Virginia Regiment in the battle of McDowell, and was in charge of a regiment of reserves in the battle of New Hope. He was near General William Jones when he fell in that engagement and received his last verbal orders that General gave just a few minutes before his death. He was named for William Wallace, a renowned hero in Scottish history.

Nancy Jane Warwick is now Mrs Jacob Lightner, Highland, Va. Her children were John Adam, now in the west; Robert, on Back Creek; William Craig died in youth; Jacob Brown, on Back Creek; Peter Hull lives in Greenbrier; James Cameron, a lawyer at the Warm Springs, Va.; Malcena Catherine, now Mrs George Cleek on Jacksons River; Virginia Rachel, now Mrs John Wallace, of Highland; Mary Etta, now Mrs Peter Gum, Meadow Dale, Va.

Sarah Elizabeth Warwick became Mrs Daniel Matheny, and lives at Valley Centre, Va. Her children Esther Ann, Melissa, now Mrs Charles Bird; Robert Matheny, who married Miss Gabbert and lives at Valley Centre.

Margaret Ann Warwick became Mrs Nelson Pray. Her family was quite a large one, but only one survives, Ella, who is now Mrs John Riley and lives in one of the western counties. One of Mrs Pray's daughters, Regina, received fatal injuries in a railway collision.

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Biographic Notes.

Hannah Rebecca Warwick who married to Captain George Siple, a Confederate officer, 31st Virginia Infantry, and lives on Deer Creek in sight of the Warwick homestead. Her children were Nancy Jane, now Mrs Pierce Wooddell at Green Bank; Anna, Mrs William Jackson at Dunmore; Mary Catherine, now Mrs Bernard McElwee at Dunmore; Clara Belle, now in the west; William M. Siple married Alice Reburn, and lives at Marlinton; Joseph Siple married Anna Mary, only daughter of Mr

Louis Susan Warwick was married to Eli Saybert, settled near Mt. Grove, Va., then went west. But one of her children survives, Mary Amaret, now Mrs Morgan Matheny, Top of Alleghany.

William Fechtig Warwick was named for a pioneer Methodist preacher. He married Anthea Pray, and lives near Mt. Grove, Va. His children Paul, Pray, Robert, Nelson, Peter Hull, George Craig, Charles, Amelia, who became Mrs George Dilley and is now Mrs Hopkins Wanless, near Mt. Tabor; Amanda Gabrielle, now Mrs John Landes, near Mt. Grove; Sally, and Louise Catherine, Three of the sons Robert, Nelson, and Peter went to Kansas.

Peter Hull Warwick married Caroline Matheny, and settled on the Deer creek home place. Their children were Jesse, Otis Dent, Forest, and Elbert Cecil. By the death of Cecil, in 1896 at Cowen, Webster county, his mothers heart was so broken that she did not survive him very long.

John Robert Warwick married Jennie Cleek, daughter of the late John Cleek, of Bath County, and lives on a section of the Deer Creek homestead. Their children are Mary and Nancy. Lieut. Warwick was a Confederate officer, 31st Virginia Infantry, and is a commissioner of the Pocahontas Court.

Elizabeth Warwick became Mrs Benjamin Tallman, and lived on the property now held by Captain Siple. Her children were William Warwick, James Crawford, Robert Boone, John Wolfenbarger, Cyrus, and Nancy Craig. Nancy became Mrs Benjamin Tallman and lives in Illinois.

Margaret Warwick was married to John Hull, on Jackson's River. Her children were William Warwick Hull, who was one of the California forty-niners and has not been heard of since; Robert, Andrew, Norah, Nancy Jane, who became Mrs Col Peter H. Kincaid, in Crabbottom; Margaret, who is now Mrs Christopher Wallace, of Williamsville; Irene Esther, who became Mrs James Fleisher, first wife, Meadow Dale.

This relationship has furnished our citizenship with good citizens, brave soldiers, industrious tillers of the soil and self-sacrificing home keepers, and deserves honorable recognition in the short and simple annals of our own Pocahontas people. Pocahontas people are all the people we have, then let it be our untiring effort to make the best of what we have and be content with nothing less.

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